

Faint Not.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Take heart again, brother.
 Thy sun, above
 The cloud still shining,
 Forbids repining;
 Rest in God's love.
 Take heart again, brother;
 To bleeding hearts
 Comes healing balm,
 Through storms the calm
 Which peace imparts.
 Take heart again, brother;
 Through sorrow's plaint
 Comes grace all healing,
 Love's gentle sealing;
 Do thou not faint!

Pride.

BY BISHOP J. WEAVER, D. D.

And now abideth pride, fashion, extravagance, these three; but the greatest of these is pride—simply because it is the root of the whole matter. Destroy the root and the tree will die. It is hardly worth while to waste ammunition in shooting at fashion and extravagance as long as the root is alive. Most persons say that it does not matter how people dress, pride is in the heart. Very true, but straws show which way the wind blows. Plain exterior may cover up a proud heart; but, depend upon it, a fashionable exterior seldom, if ever, covers up a plain heart. Some rules work two ways, but some will not. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud? He replied, "When you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole you may be sure the fox is within." Jewelry, and costly and fashionable clothing, may all be innocent things in their places, but when hung upon a human form they give most conclusive evidence of a proud heart.

But is it possible that a man can be found at this advanced age of refinement that dares to write or speak a word against pride and its consequences? The large majority of that class of men died and were handsomely buried some time ago. Now, the pulpits have nearly all shut down on that style of preaching. The fact is, we have passed that age, and are living in better times. Our fathers and mothers were far behind the times. They were good enough in their way, but, dear me, they would not do now. They wore plain clothes, worshipped in plain churches, and sung old-fashioned hymns. They talked and acted like some old pilgrims that were looking for a better country; and when they left the world they stuck to it to the very last, that they were going to a city where there is no night. And it is my deliberate opinion that the vast majority of them went just where they said they were going.

But they are nearly all out of the way now, and the people have a mind to try a different route. We can be Christians now and do as we like. Yes, indeed. We can have fine churches, cushioned seats, costly carpets, a fashionable preacher, and have all our fiddling and singing done to order. Why, in some of our modern churches, the majority of the choir are not even members of the church;—and they do sing so sweetly—perfectly delightful. The music rolls over the heads of the congregation like the sound of many waters. Not a word can be heard; but the sound is glorious. Sometimes one sings all alone for a little while, then two, and pretty soon the whole choir will chime in, until the house is filled with the most transporting sound. Now, if this is not singing with the spirit, and with the understanding also, then what is? that's the question. I know it is a little risky to speak out against pride at this day, because the church is full of it. It is of no use to deny it. And hundreds who occupy the pulpit, whose duty it is to point out these evils plainly, are like dumb dogs; they don't even bark at it. They just let it go; and go it does, with a vengeance. And in proportion as pride gains in a

church, spiritual power dies out. They will not, can not, dwell together, for they are eternal opposites.

It is a sin and a shame for men and women professing Christianity to spend money the way they do to gratify a proud heart, when ten out of every twelve of the human race are yet unsaved, and eight of the twelve have not so much as heard the gospel of Christ. There are many evils in the land, and in the church, but I doubt if any one evil is doing more harm than pride. It has stolen into the church by degrees, and now rules with a rod of iron. Churches that were once noted for plainness, and whose law still stands against pride and fashion, are practically powerless on the subject. It seems that nearly all creation is kept busy in furnishing fashions enough to satisfy the cravings of the depraved heart. An old Scotch preacher is reported to have said in a sermon at Aberdeen, "Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow, and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the devil." Now I cannot say we get our fashions by that route, but I am tolerably certain that they originate at the same headquarters.

The religion of Christ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy. All Christians are baptized with one spirit, into one body. They mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Their highest ambition is to honor God, with all they have and are. They are not puffed up, not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds. There is no such thing in heaven or on earth as a proud Christian; there never was, or never can be. Pride is the devil—it originated with him; and he is managing it most successfully in destroying souls. But who is to blame for this state of things in the church? First, and mostly, the pulpits to blame. Men who profess to be called of God to lead the people to heaven, have ceased to rebuke this soul-destroying, heaven-provoking spirit. But why? First for a living, then for popularity. Esau sold his birthright for a dinner of greens. This was a costly morsel for him. But now, men sell out "cheap for cash or produce." Churches that were once powerful for good are now well-nigh lost in forms and fashions. We may shut our eyes, and wink and whine, and cry old fogey, and grandfather, and Moses and Aaron, and all that, but the fact is before us—pride, fashion and extravagance are eating the very life out of many of the heretofore best congregations in the land. The world is running crazy. The rich lead the way, because they can, while the poor strain every nerve to keep in sight; and the devil laughs to see them rush on. Pride "thrust Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, Saul out of his kingdom, Adam out of Paradise, and Lucifer out of heaven." And it will shut many more out of heaven, who are now prominent in the church. Neither death nor the grave will change the mortal character of any one. The same spirit that controlled in life will cling to the soul in death, and enter with it into eternity. The angels of God would shrink from the society of many a fashionable Christian of this day. A few such souls in heaven would ruin everything. Among the first things they would propose would be a change of fashion. Those pure white robes that the saints wear would not suit their tastes at all. In life they care but little about Christ and spiritual things, and they would care no more for them in heaven than they do on earth. If there were two heavens, one where Jesus is all and in all, and the other with a Paris in it, I presume the road to the Paris heaven would be crowded with fashionable Christians. "Ma," said a little girl, "If I die and go to heaven, should I wear my *moire antique* dress?" "No, my love, we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the same attire of this world in the next." "Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society?" In the views of that little girl we have illustrated the spirit of many a would-be Christian of this day. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Earnestness.

The lack of earnestness on the part of those who should be most earnest, makes the work of those who are earnest, much heavier than if all would do their share; and often does the fervent prayer find its way to the throne of God, asking Him to awaken a careless friend to a sense of duty; many are the tears that are shed, because a wayward son, or daughter does not realize that

"Life is real; life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul."

It matters not in what profession we are engaged, the first thing necessary to ensure success, is to *love our profession*. The man who engages in business rarely succeeds unless he is interested, and puts forth every energy to overcome the difficulties with which he continually meets. If he has this qualification, and a good faculty of management, we may expect great things from him; if he has them not, we wait anxiously until the crash is over, and say, "It might have been."

If, then, earnestness is so essential to success in business, it is none the less so in the Christian. The man who imagines himself a Christian, simply because his name may be found enrolled upon some church record, may expect naught else than to hear the words, "inasmuch as ye did it not unto these my little ones, ye have not done it unto me." We must not expect that the "Lambs Book of Life" is a copy of the one in the possession of the clerk of the church.

One earnest Christian in every community soon proves to be a nucleus around which men and women gather, and when we find a congregation composed wholly of such; we have the Savior's language verified. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a little leaven." "But all is not gold that glitters," neither are all earnest, who seem to belong to the "kingdom."

Within the church are a class of people who are there for the purpose of serving God. That God who loves them; that God who watches over them, and saves them by His grace. This class we generally find to be earnest workers, because they have weighed the evidence, and have declared in favor of God.

We also find another class: they who serve mammon. Though they are in the church, and observe the outward ordinances yet, they bow the knee to that which cannot save them. They make great pretensions to humility, and plainness, under the pretense of saving their means for missionary and educational purposes, but little of the means finds its way to either cause. They are a fault-finding people, raising disturbances among the brethren because they are more earnest in "every good work."

Besides the two above classes, we find still another; they who are "playing" Christian. These are they who are ever ready to attend, the so-called "parties," but cannot attend church when the roads are not the very best. True they observe some of the ordinances, but if asked their purpose, they suddenly become dumb. Prof. Hopkins says, "Men, now, are born nominally Christians:" true they are, but "nominally" only. The man who says he believes that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and does not do what such a confession demands of him, is nominally a Christian, but lacks all of being truly one. Ask your associates if they believe in Christ, and I believe the majority will answer in the affirmative; such are "playing" Christian, and the less they think of the reward of such a life the better they will feel.

Blessed is the man who serves God because he loves Him, for he shall inherit eternal life.

Your brother in Christ,

MARTIN SHIVLEY.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—Colton.

Doth this soul within me, this spirit of thought, and love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body? Has nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavor onwards, prepared no food for this appetite for immortality.—Leigh Hunt.